



PUNCH

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Charivaria

ACCORDING to Dr. GOEBBELS, International Law is a very recent institution and was actually passed just before the capture of Madagascar.

"As HITLER has stated that he never gets leave, presumably his meeting with MUSSOLINI at Salzburg didn't count," comments a writer. Neither, for that matter, did MUSSOLINI.

The coal ration has not yet been settled, but usually well-informed quarters think it will probably be one spoonful for each person and one for the pot.

Whatever happened at the Salzburg meeting, it cannot be doubted that the DUCE made a passionate appeal on behalf of the Latin minority in Italy.



HITLER announces that he will take Moscow this year. The trouble is that the German people heard him the first time.

A German grand opera company is touring Spain. Presumably gentler methods have failed.

There is no unemployment in Germany, says a Nazi broadcaster. High Court judges have all been diverted to work of a useful kind.

It is suggested that coal ration coupons could be cancelled by the dealer from whom the coal is purchased. But surely a quicker method would be the thumb-print of the coalman at the door.



A Berlin broadcaster recently said that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was one of the worst Prime Ministers in history. That is certainly true of German history.

"I always take my husband with me when I go shopping," says a correspondent. But it is doubtful if the butcher is influenced to any extent by this joint appeal.

Men in Germany who do not work the required number of hours are to be punished more severely. In fact HITLER has ruled that absenteeism shall be made permanent and the next of kin informed.

A film on the life of CHOPIN is planned in Hollywood. We understand that the casting is complete but there has been a last-minute hitch about who shall write the incidental music.

Impending Apology

"Miss Mary — rendered three vocal solos and a return to orchestral music was greatly appreciated."—*Suburban Paper*.

A wireless comedian finds it difficult to understand why the B.B.C. should be criticized for the jokes which are broadcast. It certainly would have been better to criticize in the far-off days when they were broadcast first.



Stand Clear!

"The day for it will not yet be unleashed, but it is not too far away," he added.—*Evening Paper*.

German railway employees have always had the reputation of being very officious, but we rather doubt the story of an inspector who somehow got on HITLER's armoured train and demanded the FUEHRER's ticket.

Chivalry

TENDER moments in the lives of ambitious warriors and world conquerors must linger, I believe, in the minds of men at least as long as their victories, and may endure even after the memories of their resounding triumphs have grown dim.

I was merely going round the corner to buy a few cigarettes before the mad rush began, when this thought came to me. It was prompted by the sight of an old fully-coloured French print in the window of an antique shop next door to the tobacconist's.

Here in a forest glade was shown the victor of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, surrounded by a seething pack of piebald hounds, holding up at arm's length an unembarrassed wooden-looking child, whom he had clearly rescued from the jaws of death; a woman over whose prostrate body some of the hounds were prancing lay to the left, and another woman shrieking and terrified stood with her hands lifted to heaven at the rear. On the right of the picture the famous white charger, still caracoling, was followed by a mixed mob of huntsmen and generals at full gallop, not too late to observe the chivalrous deed.

Not too late to observe it; and not too late to publicize it. Therein, it seems to me, lies the beauty of the incident. I am not aware whether it was the custom a hundred and forty years ago in France or any of the occupied lands to chase women and children on horseback with hounds and horn, or whether these unfortunates had merely strayed into the middle of a boar-hunt. Nor do I know whether there is any basis of truth in the story portrayed.

But it must have brought comfort to countless afflicted hearts in humble homes to know that the great Emperor, in the thick of his multitudinous cares, had a heart so compassionate, a hand so prompt to succour innocence in distress.

I should imagine that the print had a good circulation and a rapid sale, and I should have liked to ascertain the name of the artist. But the proprietor of the shop was standing in the doorway and I did not believe that it would be easy to gaze too long without adding to the circulation and increasing the sale. I preferred rather to reflect on the value of this sylvan scene to the hero's reputation, and to wonder whether all leaders of invading armies before and after him had been so careful to have so mighty a cloud of witnesses present when their acts of kindness were arranged.

I remembered no event so touchingly dramatic in the career of Julius Caesar, nor did I feel that the indubitably well-staged interview between Alexander the Great and the philosopher Diogenes could have brought the tears of sentiment to so many Corinthian eyes.

It was evident that Napoleon knew his public at least as well as the stormers of cities know it to-day. Knew it surely far better, for though I have seen at the cinema Adolf Hitler accepting a bunch of flowers from a small girl, I have never seen him rescuing a deserted infant from the onset of Russian or Polish wolves. There may be such pictures in circulation. The modern camera has made them only too easy to immortalize. But if they exist, our censor must have forbidden them to stray as yet into hostile lands.

Has Hitler ever (as did Napoleon on another and still more famous occasion) lifted the rifle from a sleeping soldier's hands and stood on guard for him till dawn instead of punishing him? Has he ever read the Bible (or even *Mein Kampf*) beside an aged grandmother's bed

or helped a Roumanian peasant lass to wind her wool? Or struck down a brutal Gauleiter in Belgium, Holland or Norway because the fellow had spoken lightly of a woman's name?

I know that the Black Prince rode on a small pony with the captured King John of France whom he mounted on a tall horse at his side, and the memory of that peculiar equestrian ceremony (duly noted by unbiased historians) is brighter than the memory of Limoges. But has Goering ever so ridden beside the King of Denmark? If not, how purblind are the satellites of Goebbels, the propagandists of the German Press!

There should be no ruthlessness without these redeeming episodes, though heaven forbid that they should save the aggressor from punishment at the end. Ribbentrop carrying a crippled man on thy back across the stepping-stones of a dangerous rivulet, where in a hundred years' time will be found any such portrait of thee?

As I came back to the corner by the church and saw the white lilac laughing at the leaden skies and bitter East winds of May I had almost envisaged an Axis-sponsored newsreel, where the bald and aging dictator of Italy is lowered by ropes from a Sicilian cliff-top to bring medicine to an ailing goat. . . .

EVOE.

The Wings

I HAVE heard the wings of freedom sweeping over in the night,
With a new note sounding in the song,
Of an expectation stirring in the heart of heaven's height
From a gay voice, echoing and strong,
Telling tired wakeful souls
That the tide of triumph rolls,
Giving all men heart of grace against the swollen wrong.

I have heard the wings of freedom drumming over in the dawn
And a brave word ringing through the sky
That the hosts of hell are scattered and the sword of hope
is drawn,
And the foul fiend's shadow passing by.
Waking in the dew-drenched hour,
I have heard their splendid power . . .
Young and spirited and sure, their growing squadrons fly.

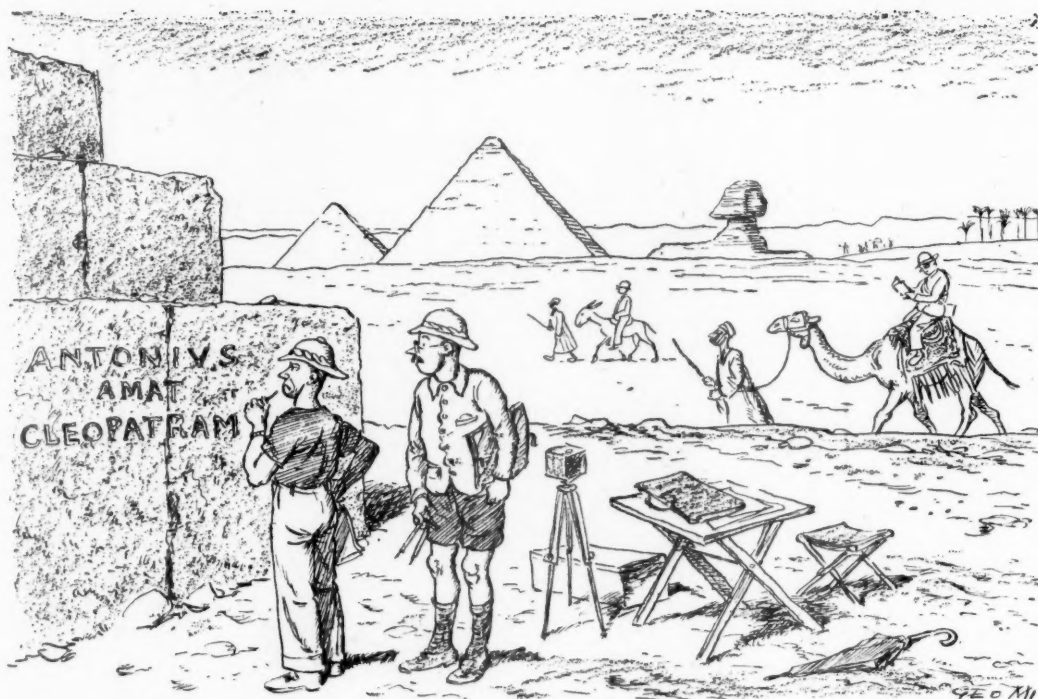
I have watched the wings of freedom sailing over in broad day,
With a bright sun slanting down their lines,
And they flashed a smiling message that the battle bent
our way,
That the legions of the bound might read the signs,
See and hear them, beating loud,
Bannered hosts that cleft the cloud,
Freemen of the fiery cross above the broken shrines!

Mr. Punch offers his heartiest congratulations to a contemporary fellow-centenarian, *The Illustrated London News*, which has surveyed the world and the Empire in pictures and photographs since 1842.



THE NEW FAVOURITE

"You won't last long either!"



"Curious that this was not noticed before."

The Look-out

I DON'T know why it is, but nobody seems to pay much attention to the Look-out man. Perched up there on top of a sixty-foot tower he keeps a ceaseless vigil over the station, reporting with unfailing regularity the times of arrival of the N.A.A.F.I. refreshment van and the state of the queue outside the airmen's dining-room.

It seems to me that the responsibility, though not always apparent, which rests on the shoulders of the Duty Look-out is considerable. I mean if he were to report that enemy parachute troops were dropping out of the sky, he would be setting in motion a chain of events which, in a matter of minutes, would completely paralyse the normal everyday life of the community.

Yes, I am quite aware that only once has the presence of enemy parachute troops been reported. The Look-out on that occasion was a fellow called Stench, and a Flight-Sergeant told him not to be such a damn fool. But

Stench was a bit of an exception. He would have been an exception anywhere.

Certainly you've got to know your Look-out man. Some are naturally better equipped, physically and mentally, for the job than others. For instance, one learns not to pay any attention to A.C. Wizard. He is a gregarious type and is obviously more interested in people than in things.

Thus when A.C. Wizard is on duty you are likely to receive frequent reports of the movements of a certain aircraftwoman from the W.A.A.F. Orderly Room, together with fulsome comments on her appearance and deportment. A thick column of black smoke issuing from the vicinity of the petrol dump, or the approach of a formation of unidentified aircraft, would almost certainly pass unremarked.

A.C. Wizard would, one feels, create something of a stir at the job of providing a vivid running commentary on the scene in the Enclosure at Ascot

on the day of the Gold Cup. But the sight of a number of different coloured Very lights dropping out of a black sky leaves him strangely unmoved. "Oh, were those Very lights?" he will exclaim in tones of feigned surprise. "I thought it was my liver."

Occasionally the Duty Look-out has proved to be just a little bit too enthusiastic. One such a man was L.A.C. Burp. Nothing escaped either his eye or his ear. A fleeting glimpse of a bearded civilian ("with a sort of foreign look") walking briskly along the main road would be sufficient to arouse his suspicions. The incident would be reported at once.

But we know our man. "It wouldn't by any chance be Mr. Sockitt, the Clerk of the Works, would it?" one would suggest helpfully and out of habit. "Well, yes, it might be." It was. Always.

One night after enemy aircraft had passed over the camp, L.A.C. Burp reported heavy explosions "north-east, about five miles distant." Confirmation

was immediately sought from various other sources, but in vain. After ten minutes of what, on the G.P.O. system, would have amounted to a number of long-distance calls, it was established that the guns had gone into action at H—. H— is sixty-five miles away as the crow flies.

I suppose L.A.C. Burp should have been complimented on his keen sense of hearing on this occasion. Instead, I seem to remember that he was severely castigated for his lack of judgment at assessing distances. But he is doing very well now in the Security Police. He ought to.

There was a man called Hornihead, I think (but it may have been Honeybed or Hummingbird or something: he was posted before he even had time to show anyone a picture of the nippers), who proved beyond doubt that the job of the Duty Look-out is no sinecure.

A.C. Honeybird (or whatever) came, I believe, from the cook-house. I should imagine he came very quickly indeed. He acted as Duty Look-out for part of one night only. Unfortunately for him, and for everyone else who

happened to be on duty at the time, it was a night of considerable activity.

The first incident that aroused A.C. Hornihead's suspicion was "a loud report just like a rifle-shot" coming, apparently, from the direction of the road. "Which road?" he was asked over the field line. "The one on my left," he answered, straining mentally. (The loud report, I think, turned out to be a car back-firing. But does it matter?)

A.C. Cornihead then reported the following occurrences in this order: a strange yellow light in the sky (Venus); a mysterious bright light on the airfield (the Chance Light); continuous gun-fire (thunder) accompanied by distant flashes (lightning); a light showing in one of the hangars (a car travelling along the main road); and, finally, a parachute flare almost directly overhead (the Met.'s pilot balloon).

No, not finally. An enemy aircraft had just gone over. The telephone bell rang furiously. "Duty Look-out reporting big red glare east, ten miles distant." Ah, we thought, they've

bombed the Satellite, but it was strange that we hadn't heard any explosions.

The wires began to hum. No, the Satellite was all right, it appeared. X was tried, then Y, then Z. They had nothing to report. The Look-out was asked for further details. "It's getting bigger," was the laconic reply.

At that moment the Squadron-Leader Admin. happened to look in. "It's going to be a lovely bright night," he announced. "Moon's just coming up now. . . ."

A.C. Thingummy, they tell me, is now somewhere up in the North of Scotland. Now that I come to think of it, his Flight-Sergeant always said he would go far.

o o

Case for the N.S.P.C.C.; or, The Little Saboteurs

"One ingenious salvage officer at Ashford, Kent, has about 1,000 school children working for him. He has persuaded them they are all clogs in the wheels of production."

Evening Paper.



"One Heart!" "One Spade!" "Two Sirens!"

The OOXX Roasted Whole

NO soldier who has a field-marshal's batman in his knapsack (and very uncomfortable it must be for both of them, I've always thought) can be blamed for putting his feet down somewhat heavily, if only on the idea of a diet based on the soya bean. There is no suggestion so far as I know that our military or civilian diet is in immediate danger of getting down to any such hard tack; but I have been reading in *News Review* about what they call "Food Mixture OOXX," and in the papers about the Ministry of Food's body of professional and amateur tasters, and my mind is so full of soya beans, peanuts, oats and dehydrated artichoke chips that at the drop of a spoon it rattles like a gas alarm.

Food Mixture OOXX is a concentrate largely composed of oats, corn, soya beans and peanuts; one and a half pounds is a day's ration and it contains "everything necessary to sustain life at a 'buoyant' level of health and energy." It would not, one gathers, have been (in its experimental stages) very popular with the Ministry of Food's tasters, who are represented as being unenthusiastic about soya; but indeed *News Review* says it "has no particular taste," so possibly it didn't bother them much.

It does bother me. I find it hard to believe that I could possibly feel buoyant with nothing to eat but food mixtures, capsules and tablets, be they concentrates of what they may. "Sustain life," maybe; but buoyancy? Why the mere thought of living on lumps of a scientifically manufactured diet gives one that sinking feeling. I think more is needed to sustain buoyancy than merely stoking up with the correct amounts of nourishment.

In one of Mr. Wells's tales, "A Story of the Days to Come" (I forget how soon), the breakfast of the future is described as consisting of "pastes and cakes of agreeable and variegated design, without any suggestion in colour or form of the unfortunate animals from which their substance and juices were derived." One of the breakfasters helped himself to some "attractive amber-coloured jelly," and at a later stage said "This blue stuff is confoundingly good," and asked what it was, and the other hadn't the faintest idea.

Thus it does seem possible that breakfast, the most popular meal in present-day light minor fiction, may manage to retain its charm even under what one might call the OOXX regime; but I don't know. I feel it wiser to adopt the tone of those official announcements that add, in all but words, "This is very encouraging news, but it would be most unwise to allow ourselves to be encouraged by it." I don't know. Are they going to have the sense to make Food Mixture OOXX in a number of different agreeable and variegated designs? Simplification is a sort of drug: start, and you want to go on. Once having got all that is necessary to sustain life into a pound or two of neutral-coloured mixture, you are tempted to believe that your next step is not to make the mixture look nice, but to concentrate it still further into one or two tablets or capsules so that it can be swallowed before anybody has time to think it doesn't.

But that is not the way to sustain life at a buoyant level. The appearance of food has to make its impact on the mind before the grosser forms of assimilation come into the picture at all, and it is very important for buoyancy that that impact should be cheerful. Look at the very large number, the majority, of people who "like to know what they're eating." They are not happy unless they can instantly trace the connection of what is on their plate with the organism from which its substance and juices were derived; if it is an unfortunate animal, so much the better. I have no particular sympathy with this feeling (after all, nobody objects to bread because it has no obviously apparent connection with wheat, or to tea because the appearance of the original leaf is lost, or to milk because . . . look here, who started this?), but I recognize it. It has its roots, of course, in suspicion: the feeling that once you cease to insist on the original form all kinds of foreign bodies may intrude, and you may be inveigled into eating without protest some morning, unaware (Robert Browning, 1812-1889), some article of food which you have always prided yourself on raising hell about. The popularity of the ox roasted whole is due much more to its inimitable shape, I am certain, than to its taste, or even its size or the fact that when you had a bit of it you were thirty years younger and had your skates on.

Buoyancy and suspicion are unlikely plate-fellows, and the scope for suspicion offered by Food Mixture OOXX, unless it is given some distractingly pleasant appearance, seems likely to be extreme. However good it looks, even. . . .

I admit it would be unlikely to figure in black-market operations and nobody would try or even wish to steal it. Immense dumps of the stuff could safely be left in the most populous surroundings, unguarded, and fenced about like Leicester Square with nothing but two or three bits of rope. . . . But what gets me down personally, as it does the Food Ministry's tasters, is the idea of soya. Beans. Beans. It has long been my view that chocolate and coffee are the only attractive bean-products in circulation. R. M.



"Deanville to-night, boys."

Perfection

CADET Symphon came into the hut looking rather disgruntled. "It's a nice thing," he said, "the way these O.C.T.U. officers talk to a man. I have just met Captain Bewley, and he told me that if I want to get a commission I must take more pride in my appearance. He said that I looked like something that had just been dragged by a cat out of a heap of stuff the salvage people had thought too far gone to bother with."

"I'm sure," I said, "that Captain Bewley would make no such remark. He may be a trifle caustic on occasions, but he is never rude."

"Perhaps those weren't his exact words," admitted Symphon, "but that was his general drift. He hinted that as I am Section Commander again to-morrow I must make a special effort to look like Beau Brummel. He forgets that Beau Brummel never had to wear a battle-dress two sizes too large for him."

"All the same," I said, "I think it is worth making an effort. Put your trousers under the palliase to-night and get a crease in them."

"It always comes out sideways," said Symphon.

We had a little conference about him in the hut, and decided to rally round. Cadet Braby re-rolled his ground-sheet, Cadet Boyes whitened his hat-band and shoulder-tapes. Somebody else brushed his best battle-dress, and I took charge of his boots.

"All that is left for you to do," we told him, "is to get up at reveille, for a change, so that you have time to do up your buttons and brush your hair, and all that sort of thing."

To do him justice, it must be admitted that Symphon made a great effort in the morning. He did not actually rise at reveille, but he got up at least ten minutes less late than usual, and after he had washed and shaved we started work on him. Cadet Cook gave him some brilliantine for his hair, and brushed it vigorously. It did not actually lie down under the treatment, but it stood up rather less perpendicularly than usual.

We escorted Symphon to breakfast as carefully as though he had been some rare piece out of a museum. We steered him round the puddles, we sat him down gently to preserve the creases which Cadet Bennett had ironed into his trousers.

During room conservancy we parked



him outside so that he would not get dusty. Symphon attracts dust much more than most human beings.

At 8.30 we had him back in the hut and looked him over carefully. We did up a few buttons, removed a few strands of cotton, and re-tied his boot-laces for him.

"He looks good," said Cadet Crawford—"quite an *édition de luxe*."

Symphon took our attentions good-humouredly, smoking placidly as we moved round him making final adjust-

ments. We were proud of him as we took him on parade. He stood at the end of the line, every inch a Section Commander. Our eyes strayed from him to Captain Bewley, emerging from the Company Office. Only for a few seconds were our eyes off Symphon, but it was enough.

"Er—Cadet Symphon," said Captain Bewley. "I'm sure you will excuse my mentioning it, but it is unusual for the Section Commander to come on parade with a pipe in his mouth."



"The train down was absolutely packed with troops, dear."

The Old Block

WHenever the name Mr. Chips
 Passes my lips,
 The one Mr. Chips I invariably mean
 Is not the schoolmaster you've seen on the screen.
 No, not the schoolmaster who kept getting older
 And older and older and older and older
 With a bend in the back and a sag in the shoulder
 And a stoop and a droop
 And an eye like cold soup,
 Till he couldn't help striking the weary beholder
 As Pithecanthropus Erectus turned into a kind of hoop.
 No, not this bloke, my hearty.
 This is not my Mr. Chips.
 No, no, I refer to the gallant old party
 Who went down to the sea in ships.
 It is Marryat's Chips, the Chips of fame,
 Who doesn't grow old
 But will always stay young
 While the stories are told
 And the praises are sung
 Of Captain F. Marryat, blest be his name.
 As Bosun Chucks remarks,
 Allow me to observe in the most delicate manner in
 the world,
 Just to hint,
 That a critic who doesn't mean this Mr. Chips
 When he says "Mr. Chips" tout court like that,
 Is a blinking and blanking illiterate swab
 Who don't know his blinkety blankety job
 And may quite well deserve to be taken and hurled
 To a devil who'll beat him with never a stint
 And knock him down flat
 And make the dog grovel
 And perhaps even give him a touch of the cat
 For the sake of the Chips of Who's Who in the Novel.

Molesworth and the Domestic Problem

Contains: Diary of grandmothers, chars, pies, cups of fresh, cooks and various weeds.

April 17.—Skool break up late chiz owing to spring sowing in mr trimp's allotment and all boys help. No rags or scrambles chiz as mr trimp (headmaster) give tuough pijaw on austerity. He sa all boys to help parents in difficult times viz do little things in home chiz chiz he must be potty. All boys are brownd off at this except fotherington-tomas who highly delited he sa he hope to do big things and will bring his mummy posies of daffs and sho willing spirit he is a grate girly and likes dollies. molesworth 2 sa it won't be so bad as he bags cook breakfast which is tuough on the bacon he will eat it all. Overhear deaf master who sa whoopee end of term and buzz latin book secretly at matron. Can he be human?

April 18.—Same old story we go to grans for hols chiz as she jolly tuough and sa maners makyth manne e.g. molesworth 2 not to twizzle knife on table at dinner. Don't blame her acktually becos molesworth 2 sa Who is biggest fool in world? and knife point to her. We wish butler was here he would haf enjoyed it as ushual but he now in R.A.F. (weehee bonk) also housemaid and all maids. Gran sa she only hope mabel drop as many bombs on germany as she did plates in kitchen and we will win war. ernest (dog) think this funny and bark furously he is a weed and gets no better.

April 18-28.—Think about doing little things in home.

April 29.—Determin to HELP in home.

April 29.—Was i wise in this decission?

May 5.—Make up mind. Rise early to make bed but dercid to do later also clean teeth and brush hair. Find mrs winkle (new cook) in kitchen with wizard frizzly smell. i hope to cash in on smell but chiz as it only what the hens haf. mrs winkle highly delited i clean shoes and make wizard joke e.g. too many cooks muck the soup at which she larff hartily. Also she haf daughter (gladys) who do all work and is super sneke she sa oo mum that little boy clening blak boots with the brown chery blossom. Chiz but mrs winkle only larff and pour huge cup of tea also smoke cig. She sa gladys win embroidery prize at orchard road skool and i repli i can well belive it and exit, master of the situation, to buzz morning bricks at tin roof.

May 6.—Gran is peeved i.e. becos she doing nothing to

BITTER WINDS AND ANGRY SEAS

THE Battle of Supply finds the Navy and the Merchant Service keeping ceaseless vigil. Their efforts mean food supplies, munitions of war, protection of home, support for Forces overseas, constant watch upon the enemy—all these are dependent upon their selfless service. We shall never be able to repay our debt, but at least we can provide them with the comforts they deserve and make their hardships a little more bearable.

Won't you please help us? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.



"I trust you benefited from last week's exercise in unarmed combat."

help old country in hour of peril. She sa if invasion come she do not intend to sta put. All her life she haf never stayed put and she will not start now. She sa when hour strikes she will be out there scorching the earth and all her friends are impressed and drop tuough stitches. molesworth 2 swank he will be a quisling and boo to everbode he is browned off becos only one slice of the ginger for tea.

May 7.—Gran sa she haf such nice letter from mrs fotherington-tomas and david being a perfect little angel in house. Too early to make statement on this communique.

May 8.—Dercid to help agane with shoes etc. Find mrs winkle who lie on sofa with cig reading racing and football news while gladys do all work e.g. she scrub floor and sa oo mum is it not good to be working she is like wee nell in chatterbox. Start tuough clening of all shoes but chiz as molesworth 2 come in he is afraid i am at bacon or other food. molesworth 2 sa let me help o you might and when i tell him to buzz off he sa fool and i sa million fools. mrs winkle highly delited she sa kick him in the stumick like the wrestlers do but gladys sa i don't fite or sa harsh words do i mum she is a weed. Dercid to tuough up molesworth 2 but he smell chicken food and zoom away to cheat hens. gladys sa each temptation resisted is feather in an angel's wing and mrs winkle is amazed.

May 10.—Find text on pillow. He who refranes is thrice blest. Who can haf done this?

May 11.—Gran take us to weedy concert at happy home canteen chiz chiz chiz as she sa i am to do famous imitation of hitler. i sa no dash it all but gran repli imitation is super and admired by all who haf seen it gosh am i that good? All soldiers browned off at thort of concert they eat sossages dejectedly. Start off ferceely shake fists moostash tremble all hairs stand on end but chiz as i friten baby in second row also come to JOKE but noone larff until moostash

drop off chiz then pandermonium and all cheer. molesworth 2 blub he haf not been asked to pla faire bells on piano and all soldiers agane sunk in misery. molesworth 2 begin to pla mightily sossages fly into air mashed potatoes leap like pancakes ham sanwiches fly apart and soldiers deeply impressed it is like the noise of battle. Gran leave note that she unable to make final speech. Also she doubt whether anyone else will be able if molesworth 2 pla faire bells anything like he ushually do.

May 12.—Find next text on toothmug whiteness is the coat of love. Whose is this poison pen?

May 14.—Back to kitchen for work and find mrs winkle with cup of tea and gladys who blak grate delitedly. Also molesworth 2 who very grim as he making woolton pie. gladys sa oo mum just look at what the little boy is doing but mrs winkle sa don't fret she glad to see him enjoying his tiny self cheers cheers cheers she haf hit the nail on the head. molesworth 2 cook mightily pie bubble and tremble pastry sizzle flames lick hungrily and all are delited gosh wizard. mrs winkle sa a teaspoon of treacle would burn up nice she is in fits she can hardly drink her tea on account of it being a whole week's wasted.

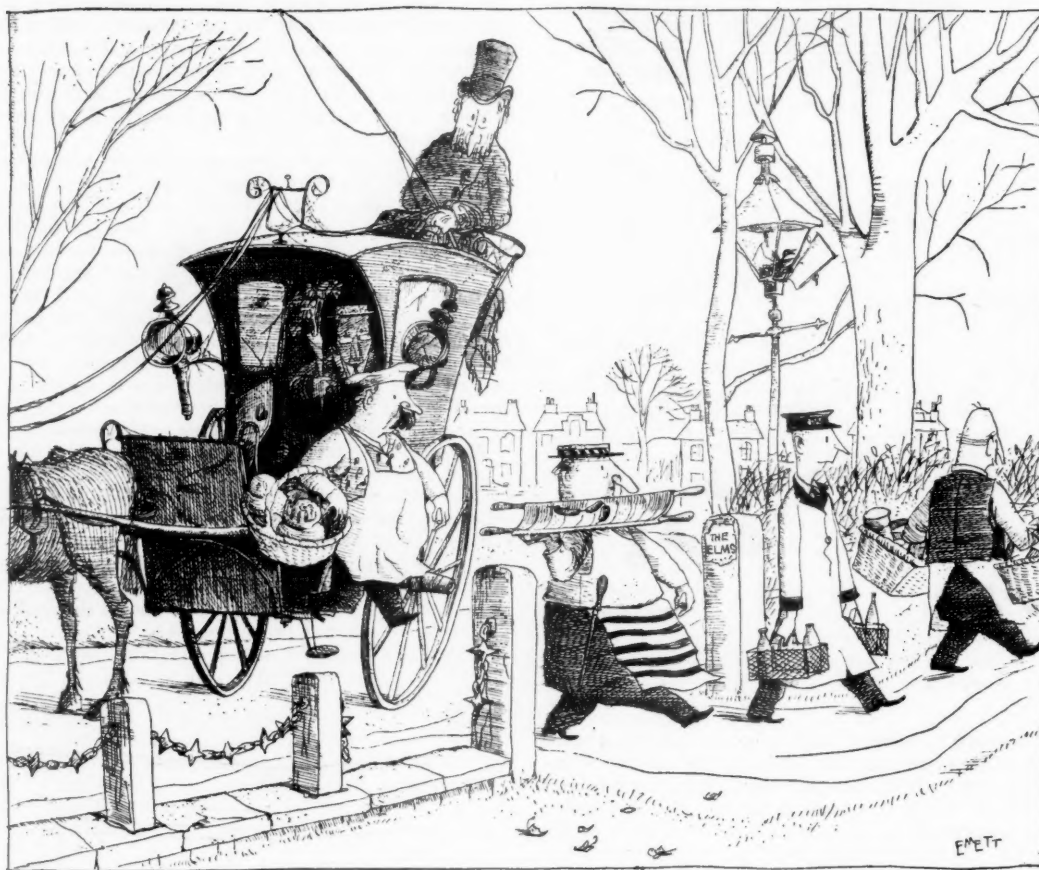
May 15.—Overhere gran who tell frend that mrs winkle a good little worker. Co.

May 16.—Sun shine hurra for criket and blossoms of nature. Everbode is feeble and weedy for evermore. Aim crokey ball at ernest (dog) make gran applepie sa boo to mrs winkle and pute molesworth 2 in hen food becos he swank he is a chicken. Only gladys remane. Give her wizard text viz girls are feeble and she so shocked she will not speke to me and peace descends.

May 17.—Tra-la for sumer and birds nesting.
the end.



"... and the basic ration will all be over by June, and your car will stand idle and deteriorate, and the battery will corrode, and your tyres will get mouldy, and everything will rust and fall to bits."



The Poet Reflects on His Poem's Uses.

THIS poem that I write shall not
 On rubbish-heaps neglected lie
 Nor with unwanted papers rot,
 And, though it please not any eye,

Nor teach to men of future days
 A lot of things they will not know,
 Nor how they may amend their ways
 With definite precision show,

Yet it shall have as grand a fate
 As what its elder sisters see,
 Even those odes more fortunate
 That fly beyond mortality.

For, from the basket that receives
 Such stuff as it, it shall go on
 And with a thousand crumpled leaves
 Cheat merited oblivion,

Being transformed into such things
 As flash upon the midnight air,
 And some day, sailing upon wings,
 Shall finish in one glorious flare.

And Lubeck with what was my song
 Shall thrill, or Kiel, and take the hint
 From whistle and resounding BONG

That they would never take from print. ANON.



THE NEW AUSTERITY

Old King Cole
Was an angry old soul,
And an angry old soul was he:

He didn't approve
Of the Beveridge bowl
And he called it fiddle-de-dee.

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, May 12th.—House of Lords: Pieces of Austerity are Announced.

House of Commons: Some More Pieces. Coal Plan is Scuttled.

Wednesday, May 13th.—House of Commons: The Finance Bill in Committee.

Thursday, May 14th.—House of Commons: The Finance Bill Still Further in Committee.

Tuesday, May 12th.—The Lachrymose Order of Austerity and the Anti-



NATIONAL DRINKS—I

"Argument, to the Scot, is a vice more attractive than whisky."—Col. Elliot.

Austerity League (or whatever it is) struggled for mastery in both Houses to-day.

Lord WOOLTON, Food Minister, told their Lordships that his instalment of Austerity was to limit restaurant-meal prices. When he went on to explain that the limit might be as high as 16s. 6d. per meal, per person, per visit, exclusive of drinks, noble Lords appeared puzzled to assess the precise degree of Austerity involved in a price of that order.

The Food Minister seemed pleased with the scheme. Most of the other Members of the Gilded Chamber affected neutrality, so all went merrily as a marriage-bell.

Bells, incidentally, were the subject of an attempted Anti-Austerity blitz by Petty-Officer A. P. HERBERT in the Commons. He wanted the church bells to ring out again, irrespective

and regardless of the modern meaning and significance of that once-joyous sound. But War Minister Sir JAMES GRIGG (who looks austere, but possesses one of the most refreshingly-breezy senses of humour in the entire House) said No.

Church bells, said he, thrusting out his jaw, had been given the war-time rôle of invasion alarms, and invasion alarms they must stay, though all the might of the Merrie-Englanders be arrayed against the idea.

But back to our ermine. In the Lords, Austerity High-Priest WOOLTON was in action again, this time repelling an attack of Austerity from that renowned teetotaler, Lord ARNOLD. That nobleman wanted beer rationed. Under the disapproving glances of his peers, he asked that, in these days when solid food is rationed with increasing severity, beer should also be cut—or whatever the process is with liquids.

Lord ARNOLD sat down, hope and fear written in letters of equal size on his countenance. Lord WOOLTON rose up, determination and stern resolution inscribed on his.

Only, he said (in effect), over my dead, bleeding and battered body will you touch beer—at any rate in an unfriendly way! Lay not an infidel hand on the Sacred Hop! Noble Lords looked a little astonished at the vehemence of the defence.

Then (if your scribe may be permitted, so to say, to mix his drinks) they perceived the milk in the coconut. "I do not propose to add to the problems of the Government by rationing beer," he said. Evidently beer would be one over the eight for the Government.

As for the social results of beer (using the word generically), there had been a pretty steep decline in convictions for drunkenness since the war began. Lord WOOLTON clearly thought this a tribute to the strength of will of the drinkers; many of his hearers as clearly ascribed it to the weakness of the drink.

Lord ELTON, whose speech—the adage notwithstanding—is as golden as his mellifluous voice is silvery, delighted the House with a moving plea against that other hotly-contested piece of Government Austerity, fuel rationing.

Officially organized darkness and cold was no offering for a gallant long-suffering nation such as ours, he said, and went on to draw a harrowing picture of the lot of the unhappy housewife, hunted and harried by meter-readers, coalmen, and other Questing Beasts intent on her coupons.

He proceeded to give a sort of

zoological lecture on the genus *Meter-readerii* ("I do not know how many of your Lordships may have encountered one"), explaining they were to be found frequenting back-doors, little places under the stairs, and the back-ends of garages. Their task was to read a couple of figures and then return to their burrows—or was it forms?

Lord GAINFORD, who was furious about something, added some pungent criticism of fuel rationing, and Lord SNELL, given the thankless task of defending the Government's supposed



NATIONAL DRINKS—II

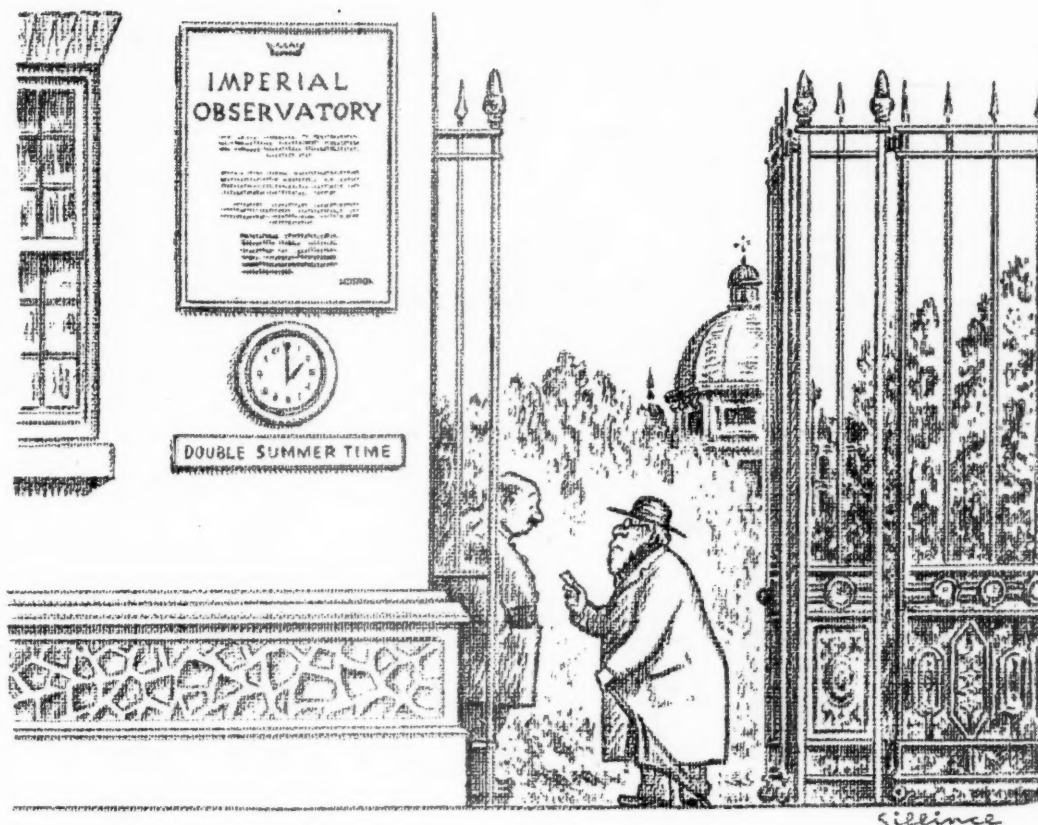
"The larger barrelage now being drunk consists of extra water—a beverage approved by the highest authorities."—Lord Woolton.

plans, poured apparently unrationed (fuel) oil on the troubled waters, and advised everyone to wait and see.

Back in the Commons Sir JAMES GRIGG was administering a dose of Austerity, neat, to the Home Guard, saying H.G.s were not permitted to buy at N.A.A.F.I.s and the like, tobacco and cigarettes free of additional duty, as were Regular soldiers.

This did not go so well in a House crowded with khaki-clad Palace of Westminster Home Guards, waiting to be inspected, at a foundation-anniversary parade, by the PRIME MINISTER. But they all put on "We-can-take-it" expressions, and added this newest weight to their rapidly-growing equipment.

Wednesday, May 13th.—An unlucky day for the fuel-rationing plan. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, who a week earlier had proclaimed coal rationing as the



"I'm Dr. Waltman; Professor Wilson asked me to call on him at 2.0 noon to-day."

last word in perfection, had to announce that it was to be scuttled for the time being, and that its operation from June 1 was out of the question.

The Conservatives cheered. But the Labour men looked grim, and it was clear that Mr. GORDON MACDONALD voiced their general view when he said that they wanted a look-in while the scheme was being amended. Sir STAFFORD promised that the new scheme (if and when) would incorporate plans for better production and organization of the coal industry as well as for a cut in consumption.

The shadow of Nationalization being thus skilfully painted into the picture by Parliament's most expert artist, Members were left fearing (or hoping, according to predilections), to await the new scheme, due to be produced some time post-Whitsun.

The Budget claimed the attention of the House again, with Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, Chancellor of the Exchequer, beaming his benedictions

on all movers and seconders of amendments, and maledictions on their amendments. All—bene and mal—with the most seraphic of smiles.

Remember the old catch about the parson who, asked to perform a wedding ceremony a couple of months ahead, excused himself on the ground that he had, on that date, to conduct a funeral? What, we were always asked, was the fallacy?

Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, the new Independent for Rugby, posed precisely this problem for the Air Minister to-day.

He asked why the Minister had taken *two months* to sanction the application of a flight-lieutenant for leave of absence to fight a current bye-election caused by the death a few days ago of the sitting Member. The Minister replied, roughly, to the effect that if the flight-lieutenant had powers of provision, he had not—so what?

Thursday, May 14th.—Smuggling, always rated as a Dangerous Occupation

in most countries, is less so in Northern Ireland. Dr. LITTLE, whose knowledge of Ulster is extensive and peculiar, informed an incredulous House to-day that it was possible to insure against the risks inherent in the smuggler's profession or calling, apparently the staple industry of some parts of Ireland's rugged North.

But Captain CROOKSHANK, for the Treasury, pointed out that there had, inevitably, to be one exception clause, because one of the risks was two years' imprisonment, and no premium could insure against that.

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS was asked whether the PRIME MINISTER would take part in the coming war discussion, and replied that that would depend on the war—and on the PRIME MINISTER.

With which little glimpse of the obvious the House went on listlessly to finish the Committee stage of the Finance Bill.

Not one of our most uplifting weeks.



"As a matter of fact I've been reciting Gray's 'Elegy' all day, but nobody's noticed the difference."

Little Talks

WHEN were you born?
January 28.
"Gemini."

What?

"Gemini." Your star—or rather, your constellation. Let's see what the star-boys say about you.

Why do you go on about them?

Because they ought not to go on. Listen. Number One: "Aquarius (Jan. 20–Feb. 18).—This promises to be a first-rate week for almost all your interests."

Capital.

"Friday is without doubt your most important day."

Is it? Well, I'll put off everything till then.

Half a minute. Here's Number Two. He says: "Not an outstanding week."

Damn.

But he agrees about Friday. "Plans hang fire until towards Friday—"

"Towards" Friday? What does that mean?

Thursday, I suppose—"when there are better prospects of settlement."

Anything else?

Number Three says: "Depressing conditions and quarrels are threatened on Monday. Those celebrating on or near January 27—"

Cheers!

"—prosper through social affairs and female relatives."

Is poor Aunt Agatha going to die again?

Can't say. Number Four says: "Keep fit and stay fit—late in week particularly."

Why not early in week?

I expect because Friday's your big day. And he says: "Good news, good luck, for family."

That looks like Auntie again. Any more?

My favourite man doesn't appear this week.

You've driven him off the sky. Well, would you mind summing up my sorrow-scopes for me?

Well, it's a first-rate week for you—but not outstanding. On the other hand, you will prosper; but Monday is depressing and quarrelsome, and the only really good day is Friday.

Thanks. How is your own week?

I'm May 18. "Taurus." Well, Number One says: "This week promises well. Your best days are Monday, Tuesday and Saturday."

Three good days? I've only got one!

Yes, and he says: "Money should be easier than for some time past."

Can't say fairer than that. Well, you must be careful on Wednesday and Thursday.

Ah, but listen to Number Two! He says: "Wednesday, Thursday, good."

That all?

"Monday brings important developments in women's affairs."

I should ignore Number Two.

Ah, but he's the one who's killing off your aunt. However, Number Three says: "Monday good for tackling immediate problems. Tact needed on Friday when atmosphere appears to be stormy." None of them gives me a good mark on Friday.

And it's my big day.

"£.s.d. arrangements need additional care."

On Friday?

No, all the week. But Number Four says: "An important week giving opportunity for financial improvement."

Your week seems to be more of a muddle than mine.

Damn.

What's the matter?

"Sailors celebrating May 19 achieve distinction." I'm May 18.

Hard cheese, old boy! How about George?

When were you born, George?

June 1st.

Right. Stand by. Number One: "A week full of variety and interest. But about Friday comes a hold-up in current plans." Number Two: "Depressing conditions merge into successful activity at the week-end."

Number Three—

Hey, stop!

Number Three: "To-morrow is a good day. The remainder of the week promises to be uneventful. The week-end will probably offer pleasures which you'd better resist."

But you said I was to have successful activity at the week-end—

That's right. Therefore keep off the beer. Number Four says: "Exciting

developments on Monday if you make full use of your opportunities." He agrees with Number Three, you see. Monday is your only day. And your week is to be full of variety and interest but uneventful. As for the week-end, your plans will be held up but your activities will be successful. So now you know.

On the whole, I think George's week is the most chaotic of all.

I don't think any of us can see our course exactly clear. However, let's forget our own selfish affairs and see what the Major Prophet says about World Affairs.

I've got him here. He's fine. He says: "Wavell has a big surprise preparing."

Has he, indeed?

Yes. "This surprise has tap-lines running down to Libya, where the show-down is nearing."

Is it, by Jove? But ought he to tell us? I mean, if Wavell is preparing a surprise I should have thought the best thing was to say nothing about it.

Oh, you mustn't take him too seriously. Then he says: "U.S.A. action affecting part of Africa needed by the Axis, a British naval move, and an unexpected arrangement touching Moslem countries, throw enemy plans out of gear next month."

Next month? Well, if that doesn't mean that the Americans are going for West Africa in June—!

No. He says (in italics): "Watch Egypt and other Arab States!"

Where else are we going to attack?

Sicily, I gather. Listen. "These events lead indirectly to British strategy which may take in Sicily and great Italian centres, not excepting Rome, for punishment. As in Madagascar, so in Mediterranean waters, the Allies will get in first. Next week is critical."

I agree. If that doesn't mean that next week we shall pop into Sicily as we did into Madagascar, I'll eat my hat. He may be right. But why should he be allowed to tell the Germans that?

Oh, come! he's not telling the Germans.

This paper, I presume, goes to the German Embassy at Dublin?

I suppose so.

Very well, then. What else?

Well, he says: "Here popular Second Front feeling rises further. I believe the Government will meet it admirably with plans completed for a major attack."

That's a nice thing to say!

Aren't you in favour of a Second Front?

Strangely enough, that's the sort of question I prefer to leave to the War Cabinet. There is a good deal of evidence that they dislike Hitler as much as I do; and I should not be a bit

surprised if the notion of biffing him one in the belly had not occurred to them also.

Ah, yes. But if you go on saying "Second Front! Second Front!" now, you'll be able to say "All my doing! What did I tell you?" when it does happen.

Maybe. Anyhow, I see no reason why this fellow should be allowed to say that we have plans completed.

He "believes . . ."

It makes no odds. Why does he believe? The stars?

Used to. He doesn't mention the stars nowadays—from first to last.

Then either he's got private information—or he's got nothing. Did you see what he said last week?

No.

He said—this was May 3: "Timing of U.S.S.R.'s blows is, as you shall see, coinciding nicely with these embarrassments in Germany proper. *To-day week opens the first phase of a genuine Spring offensive*, and some large portions of Nazi holdings will be paralysed. Notable moves will be across the supposedly threatened Caucasus area."

"To-day week"?

Yes. That would be May 10.

Well, could you have anything clearer? He gives the exact date—and the general area—of an intended Russian offensive. Is that a good thing—whether he's right or wrong?

I suppose not. Of course, it's all nonsense.

I'm not so sure.

There wasn't a special Russian offensive on May 10.

Perhaps they had to abandon it because the secret got out? Talking of secrets, by the way, listen to this. "Use of a new weapon by the U.S.S.R. was mentioned here last Sunday. My opinion is that this will be matched by a British idea somewhat on the scale of the swift introduction of tanks in the last war. It is, if I am not mistaken, a novel implement connected with aviation."

"A novel implement connected with aviation"? Do you think he knows something?

I think he must. Otherwise, surely the paper wouldn't let him say such things.

It might be the stars, of course.

But I tell you he never mentions them.

Anyhow, I hear he stimulates the millions.

If I was allowed to announce three New Fronts and a Secret Weapon I could stimulate the millions too.

Maybe he's employed by the Government to frighten the Germans.

Maybe. . . . Anyhow we mustn't say a word. It would be an assault on the Freedom of the Press.

Well, so long, old boy. Be careful on Friday.

Keep fit on Saturday. So long.

A. P. H.



At the Play

"BIG TOP" (HIS MAJESTY'S)

OUR modern revues have many resemblances to Elizabethan plays. To begin with they dart madly from period to period, mixing kingdoms and centuries, like *Cymbeline* itself. In *Big Top*, Mr. COCHRAN's choice for his welcome reappearance in management, we dabble in natural history from larks at home to flamingos abroad, in history from Queen Elizabeth to Madame Récamier, in "jography" from South America to India, visiting Persia, Eire, and Soho on the way. (Incidentally, and rather strangely, in a seemingly pro-anarchistic episode the Crime of New Ireland replaces the Charm of the Ould one as a matter for song and dance.) Such an assembly surely is the kind of richness which would have entranced the courtiers of "Eliza and our James" with their passion for fantastic masquerade.

Then again there is the question of authorship. Plays of that period were usually descended from a long line of burglaries, and then not so much written as rewritten by four "hands" at once. It would be most unfair to suggest plagiarism as normal to English revue-writing, but a certain amount of repetition is inevitable, so limited by the Censor are the permissible subjects for satirical merry-making. But it is quite an ordinary practice for one man to be cited as the author of a revue which is largely composed of what other composers have inserted. For instance, Mr. HERBERT FARJEON is mentioned, in letters much larger than the tiny type usually allotted to such mannikins among the stars as mere penmen are considered to be; but there are sketches and lyrics by many others, and some of them, I surmise, are of a kind which must cause poor Mr. FARJEON to erupt in prickly heat. That burlesque of *Macbeth*, for example. Those who would mock the majestic must show more wit and taste than this character presents. The level of its jocosity may be assessed by the use of such names as Mockbeth and Macbreath. It only needed a further sally on

the curative and cleansing power of Clan Maclean.

From the author's authentic hand we may presume to have come some excellent lyrics for Miss BEATRICE LILLIE concerning bird-song (at dawn-



BRIGHT OPENING
MISS BEATRICE LILLIE

ing) and (with three others) the way of a Star with a Quartet, which seems to be not so much the way of an eagle as the way of a cuckoo with his fellow-nestlings. Miss LILLIE is the

unvarying pleasure of an uneven evening, and, whether she is sampling the vintages of "vin" in war-time or delivering a masterly lament on a windy night by the riverside, she gives her own signature of beautifully-timed and incisive mischief to every text she touches. Miss MADGE ELLIOTT and Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD have some much-liked ditties and dances and are always as neat in their comedy as the writing will permit. Miss PATRICIA BURKE acts in direct contrast to the tradition concerning the great EDMUND of that ilk. He was called the Dinner-bell because his speeches emptied the House; she might be titled the Call-bell because she fills it, emptying the bar and filling the "fotiles."

Mr. FRED EMNEY, looking like a swaying mass of putty which has somehow wrapped itself in the glad rags of a mammoth-about-town, is very amusing, except when he has to be funny by telling unfunny stories. (There are limits to the bliss extractable from guying bores.) He is one of those very large and slow actors who need a quick and little companion. How admirable were his partnerships of old with Mr. HENSON! Last week I reviewed a revue in which Mr. HENSON could have gained by Mr. EMNEY's presence as contrasting ally, and now I review one in which Mr. EMNEY stands like some monstrous cliff and sadly misses the darting, fish-like presence of Mr. HENSON at his base. We are happy, of course, with either. How happy could we be with both!

Perhaps that is to be greedy in war-time. Meanwhile the *Big Top* is bidding you walk up, stump up, and forget the entertainment tax. It has much more in it than I have space to mention. As I said at the start, it's a general mix-up, like a Tudor revel, with some things very bright, some a little boring, and the usual bizarre spectacle, "petty wonderments," as BACON called such things. So, as Miss LILLIE of this circus-field might say, and the Tudor boys certainly would, "Hey, Nonny, Nonny." I am not sure what that exactly means. But I believe that the noise implies (or used to in Latin grammars) that the question should be put and answered in the appreciative. I. B.



ADVENTURE IN THE BLACK-OUT

MR. FRED EMNEY, MR. CHARLES HICKMAN, MISS BEATRICE LILLIE
AND MR. CYRIL RITCHARD

Experiences of a Junior Officer

The Quartermaster's Dilemma

WHEN I posted myself as Quartermaster Lieutenant to the 45th Butterfield Fusiliers I really thought I had found my appropriate place in the British Army at last.

I loved every aspect of the work. Sitting in the dim and capacious Quartermaster's Stores surrounded by piles of objects, some commonplace, some strange in the extreme, I felt like some merchant in the Arabian Nights. No one ever filled in Army Form G 1202 or indented for knives, dinner, Britannia metal, Mark II, with keener zest than I. Many was the happy hour I spent discussing with R.Q.M.S. Tandem whether one ought to speak of cellars, salt, glass, or salt cellars, glass. It was an idyllic existence.

But one morning a shadow was cast over my happiness. I was sitting at my table looking abstractedly at a pair of boots when without warning a spoon, dinner, Mark I, whizzed past my ear. I looked round indignantly. No one had moved. Deciding that the whole thing was an optical illusion, I continued my work. Next minute a straw mattress fell from a shelf, narrowly missing my head. Again nobody moved. I left my Stores that night badly shaken.

All that week the phenomenon continued. Blankets flew across the room and draped themselves about one without visible agency. Bowls, tin, drinking, rolled about the floor. The men's morale began to suffer. Worse still, an atmosphere of suspicion filled what had once been a singularly happy Quartermaster's Stores. The R.Q.M.S. and myself now spent most of our time glaring at each other, occasionally raising our hands in futile gestures of defiance.

I mentioned the matter to the C.O. one morning at breakfast. Colonel Flashfire was a huge mountain of a man, bold as a lion and twice as natural, but he turned pale at my story.

"It's a poltergeist, Pinwright, depend on it," he said at once. "I remember—"

But without finishing his remark he got up and left the room. Next day the following notice appeared in Regimental Orders:

DISCIPLINE. It is suspected that a poltergeist or poltergeists have been at work in the Quartermaster's Stores. All N.C.O.s and men who are or have at any time been poltergeists will report for examination by the M.O. at 0930 hrs. Dress: caps F.S., respirators slung, water-bottles. Haversack rations will be drawn.

But nobody reported except one disgruntled lance-corporal who thought there was a chance of compassionate leave. The M.O. pronounced him to be a werewolf and he was posted to a Young Soldiers' Battalion for observation.

That night as I lay in bed dreaming of anklets, web, I heard crash after crash coming from the Stores. Getting up to investigate, I found that pots, mustard, glass, three,

and pots, pepper, glass, fluted, one, had been thrown from a shelf and smashed on the floor. Just then I caught sight of a bulky figure passing the door. As he disappeared a pan, frying, fish, hurtled across the room and buried itself in a pile of No. 11 trousers. I followed him and was just in time to see the figure dart into the Officers' Mess. I looked at myself with a wild surmise.

Next morning at breakfast the Colonel looked pale and drawn. I told him what had happened. He avoided my eye.

I went to the Stores, sat down on a pile of fire-buckets and waited. After a while I saw the Colonel approaching. As he came close to the Stores the fire-buckets rose in the air and I fell heavily to the ground.

I went up to the Colonel. "Sir," I said in a low vibrant tone, "will you come inside for a moment?"

Indignation must have lent me authority. The Colonel obeyed. As he stepped inside, a stirrup-pump jumped out of the window.

"So," I said, "we know now who the poltergeist is."

"And what of it?" said the Colonel, recovering himself.

"Only this," I said. "If you choose to be a poltergeist, will you kindly not do it in my Stores?"

"I shall do it where I please," said the Colonel furiously.

He turned to go. In a second the room was a whirling confusion of blouses, denim, knobs, door, pokers, Warrant Officers, Class II, buckets, canvas, pins, rolling, and thousands of other articles.

"Now you've done it," shouted the R.Q.M.S. above the uproar.

After a long struggle we managed to get the door opened and ran from the accursed place. From a safe distance we watched the Stores slowly disintegrate. In a short time there was nothing left of the Stores or of Colonel Flashfire either but a whirling cloud of dust.

So now the general public knows at last why the 45th Butterfield Fusiliers had to indent on Ordnance for a complete replacement of all Stores on Army Form H 4209, Part II, as well as to purchase—at considerable expense—a new C.O. from Harrods.

Baedeker Raids

"The asterisk is used as a sign of commendation."—*Baedeker*.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."—*Emerson*.

O *Baedeker*! or—for I care not which—

O *Emerson*! wherever now you are,

Weep, weep, that you have taught the Hun to hitch

So foul a wagon to so fair a star!

C. A.

"D. M. L."

We have heard with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Dorothy M. Large, who wrote for *Punch* for many years over the initials "D. M. L." Readers will remember her pleasant sketches of Irish life and the many vivid and amusing phrases in their skillfully reported dialogue. The last one was "Bull's Eyes," which appeared on August 13th, 1941.

"Under the auspices of the 1st Ward Unionist Association a whist drive was held in — Unionist Rooms last night. There were 25 tables. Mr. Leonard Johnston was cardmaster. Miss D. M. Mathers presented the prizes.

Ladies—1 Mrs. S. M. Fraser; 2 Mrs. C. T. Yates. Ladies playing as gentlemen—Mrs. Walker, Mrs. G. Morrison. Gentlemen—1 S. M. Fraser; 2 T. Christie. Consolation—Mrs. L. Beat, Mrs. L. Brown. Lucky, Mr. William Murray, Mrs. M. Troup. Votes of rags, bones, and rubber."—*Scottish Paper*.

Somebody unlucky?

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Richard Burton's Wife

RICHARD BURTON was, on the whole, a failure in his lifetime, and is little remembered now in comparison with such contemporary explorers as LIVINGSTONE and STANLEY. Yet he had many qualifications for impressing himself both on his own age and on posterity. The first of his advantages was his physique. He was a fine swimmer, horseman, marksman and boxer, and one of the best swordsmen of his time. Anything that made demands on his strength and skill fascinated him. One day, for example, when time was hanging heavy on his hands, he bribed a fakir at Karachi to let him muzzle one of the sacred alligators, which he then rode across the water as though it were a surf-board. He was also an extraordinary linguist, with a mastery of thirty-five languages and dialects. With this linguistic gift went an intuitive sympathy with Oriental and African modes of life and ways of thought, and a finesse that guided him safely through the mosques and markets of the Orient, and brought him back alive from the sacred cities of Mecca and Harar. Unfortunately, finesse, in his dealings with his own countrymen, was the one quality he never showed. When he was a subaltern in India he was asked by Sir CHARLES NAPIER to compile an account of life in the province of Sind. On his return he found that NAPIER, who understood him, had been replaced, but this did not deter him from handing his new superior officer the report he had made for NAPIER. Anthropology is an elastic term, and if he had been a grey-bearded savant those in authority might have thanked him for the curious details of Sindian life which he had unearthed. As he was a young subaltern, they found his anthropological fervour excessive, and he returned to England under a cloud which none of his later voluminous treatises on African life did much to dissipate, and which his privately-printed translation of the Arabian Nights did a good deal to thicken. Having left the Army he transferred his erratic services to the Foreign Office, which regarded him with mistrust, not feeling even relatively at ease about him until they had manoeuvred him out of the Near East into Trieste, where he was Consul during the last nineteen years of his life.

The one fixed and constant thing in BURTON's whirling existence was the adoration of his wife, whose story deserves and has now obtained a book to itself (*Sir Richard Burton's Wife*, by JEAN BURTON, HARRAP, 12/6). ISABEL ARUNDELL came of an old Catholic family, and had she been an ordinary Victorian girl of good position would have been married off at twenty-one or two to a suitable husband. But she not only, like other girls, dreamt of an ideal man; she was resolved to find and secure him. In her diary she noted that he must have broad and muscular shoulders, a powerful, deep chest, black hair, a brown complexion, and large, black, wondrous eyes with long lashes and a strange compelling look; and he must be a soldier, a thorough man of the world, and a few years older than herself. Except that he had an enormous moustache, BURTON, the first time she saw him, exactly answered her requirements. It was on the ramparts of Boulogne; he was smiling, she noticed, as though it hurt him, their eyes met, he looked at her as though he read her through and through, gave a start, and walked on. As soon as she had recovered, she whispered to her sister: "That man will marry me." They met at a cousin of her father's a few weeks later, but BURTON was unaware of her devotion. It was four years before he met her again, and proposed to her, and another

five years passed before their marriage. During those five years Mrs. ARUNDELL did everything in her power to break their engagement off, but nothing could shake ISABEL; neither the entreaties of her mother to forget her dubious lover, nor the prolonged absences of BURTON himself in the heart of Africa, nor his appearance after one of these absences—"a mere skeleton" she noted in her diary, "with brown-yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding and his lips drawn away from his teeth." "I have got to live with him night and day, for *all my life*," she wrote to her mother, and when her mother still held out she married BURTON secretly.

To ISABEL's friends and relatives it must have seemed all Mecca to an antimacassar that her marriage would end in disaster. Yet it held, with what strains and tensions Miss BURTON has not been able to disclose in her otherwise delightfully interesting book. BURTON was his wife's religion, she was a bigot who refused to harbour any doubts at all. When her friends hinted their uneasiness about the migrant erotologist with whom she had linked her destiny, her reply was simple and final—"He is a domestic man at home, and a homesick man away"; and her attitude to the minute acquaintance shown in his writings with the personal life of Africa and the Orient was equally unanswerable. Her husband, she said, was the most pure, the most refined and modest man that ever lived. Guileless himself, he could never be brought to believe that other men were less innocent. H. K.

Shakespeare Revived

Noted by meditative critics as far apart as COWLEY and EMERSON, the greatest dilemma of the artist's life is the difficulty of perfecting the man without cramping the artist. Because he lived in an age when self-discipline was newly and passionately discredited, but an age which retained enough of the ascetic heritage to make faith and morals worth debating, SHAKESPEARE was able to combine the emancipation of the Elizabethan with much of the moral perception (not, of course, the moral acquiescence) of the man of the Middle Ages. To those who look to this world for the light which, as DANTE said, comes only from "that serenity which is never disturbed," he can be not only a poet but an oracle; and that is why Mr. HESKETH PEARSON is able to bring down the curtain on *A Life of Shakespeare* (PENGUIN BOOKS, 6d.) with a declaration that the Bard at his best contains "all the humour, all the beauty, all the feeling and all the wisdom that ever mattered on earth." This truly Elizabethan piece of hyperbole should not lose an ardent, genuine and delightfully unacademic book the readers it deserves. H. P. E.

A Palladian Pother

To modern eyes the splendour of Palladian buildings is tinged with sadness. The age that could afford to do them justice is past; their present occupants are surtaxed; and even if they were not, how many people dare ignore our condemnation of magnificence? There are exceptions, but the rule is as, in varying degrees, for Chiswick and for Stowe, which are most lovely and most characteristic when the owl laments, at dusk. This dramatic, melancholy and, to a cynical observer, slightly preposterous character is parodied in Mr. SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH's *The Last of Uptake* (BATSFORD, 15/-), a Gothic joke on a Palladian theme. By the close of the Regency the mansion of Uptake has fallen into decline. The marquesses are no more, the receipt for both their scandals and their fabulous fortune-making is lost, their heirs are scattered or dead, and the Ladies



Admiral. "AND WHAT MADE YOU WISH TO BECOME A SAILOR, MY BOY?"
Navy Candidate (in perfect good faith). "BECAUSE HE'S GOT A WIFE IN EVERY PORT, SIR!"

F. H. Townsend, May 22nd, 1907

Tryphena and Deborah alone remain quarrelling in the vast halls and in the mist. Like a good working model, this regretful extravaganza shows everything in action; automata in the gardens, ghostly apparitions, antique, decrepit servants (stranger than *Firs* in *The Cherry Orchard*), solemn family intelligences exchanged with Vienna and Naples, St. Petersburg and Washington. The charm of saloons and grottos, of bridges and sphinxes and obelisks and artificial ruins owes not a little to illustrations by Mr. REX WHISTLER, whose brush is eloquent of their anachronism. Yet when we have admired and been amused, we are surprised into asking: Was all this worth doing? Charming, certainly, and elegant and sophisticated, yet this too is only a working model of a story.

J. S.

Tribute to Moloch

There should be something alarming about the fact that the most comprehensive national education scheme in the world is the Nazis'; and parents who are not only willing but

eager to hand over their offspring, body and soul, to the State, might do worse than consider the implications of *Education for Death* (CONSTABLE, 7/6). Here a privileged witness—Mr. GREGOR ZIEMER of the American School at Berlin—gives intimate details of HITLER's monopoly of youth. Starting with the clinics where undesirable mothers are efficiently sterilized, and passing on to lethal chambers for feeble-minded children, he arrived at the palatial stud-farm where the right kind of *Mutter und Kind* is produced. Empowered to interview the mothers—wedded and unwedded—Mr. ZIEMER was also permitted, in company with one of the female spies appointed for the purpose, to follow up the totalitarian rearing of toddlers in their homes. He was shown the hardening of the *Pimpf* (six to ten), the more thorough induration of the *Jungvolk* (ten to fourteen) and the final petrification of the Hitler Youth, with their female counterparts. The obvious virtue of the system is its subordination of attainments to character; and Mr. ZIEMER regretfully contrasts the perverted devotion of its victims with the selfishness of young America. H. P. E.

Shortage of Staff

"THIS is the hall of the Ladies' Centenary Club and this is our observer observing it.

"From my station near the telephone I can see the staircase on my right and the hall-porter on my left. I'll just say that again: the staircase on my right, and the hall-porter on my left.

"Members of the club are continually moving backwards and forward, but mostly forward, which is of course much easier to do. They all have something to say to the hall-porter, who is answering them, and also answering the telephone, and any of the bells when they ring, and at the same time sorting out the post. I really do feel pretty sure that there is a shortage of staff in the club. . . . I don't know whether my colleague at the far end of the drawing-room thinks so too. . . . Jerome! Do you agree with me that there's a shortage of staff in this club?"

"Yes, David. Nothing very much seems to be happening here at the moment, but I certainly agree there's a shortage of staff."

"Thanks very much, Jerome. . . .

Well, I expect you all heard my colleague, Jerome Pilkes, saying that he quite agrees with me about the shortage of staff in the club.

"Things seem to be moving rather faster now. A member can't get the number she wants on the telephone and is asking the hall-porter to get it for her. Two other members are asking him things . . . one of them says that she's expecting a lady to call for her and whatever happens she isn't in—in fact she isn't even in London, and she wants a cup of coffee taken up to the drawing-room. The other one says her luggage isn't ready. He says Yes, madam, to both of them. He says No, madam, and I'll see to it at once madam, to the telephone. He is writing something down on a little pad and telling a member who has just come in that Miss Planter is in the smoking-room, and Lady Wippell rang up to say that it's all right about the evacuee mothers but Monday will be no good for the hairdresser. . . .

"Now there's a member arriving with three suitcases and some books and a lot of flowers. I think she's going to drop the books—or perhaps

it'll be the flowers . . . it might even be the suitcases. You might like to know what Jerome Pilkes feels about that. . . . Jerome!"

"Yes, David?"

"Wouldn't you say that the lady wearing slacks and a green jumper is going to let some of those things she's carrying fall? . . . Oh, well fielded! The hall-porter has caught the books really brilliantly and he's saved the suitcases too. She's thanking him very enthusiastically. She says that the blue suitcase must go up to her room, and the brown one is going to be called for later by an Air Force officer in a taxi, and the other case and the books belong to old Mrs. Hogchin who is going to telephone and say what she wants done with them. The hall-porter says he quite understands. He's holding the flowers for her, and opening the door of the lift, and picking up her gas-mask from the floor, and he's got one or two things between his teeth—I think those must be the books. I'd like to tell you what Jerome feels about that, but I see things are moving a bit at his end . . . the hall-porter is putting coal on the drawing-room fire and closing one of the windows, and opening it again, and answering some inquiry about the evening papers, and he's turning on the News for a rather ancient member who says she never knows how to put on the wireless but she can always turn it off.

"Now the member who said her luggage wasn't ready is speaking to the hall-porter again. She says her luggage isn't ready. He is saying Very good, madam, and making a note that another member wants a table for four in the dining-room, but it may be for five if one of her guests brings her daughter in the A.T.S. who might be on leave. If the hall-porter sees a tall girl in the A.T.S. uniform he'll know it means five. If not, it only means four. He says he quite understands, and answers the telephone.

"In another moment now I shall be handing over altogether to my colleague, Jerome Pilkes, so I'll just add that the scene is one of very great activity, and the hall-porter is doing fifteen—or I think it's sixteen—different things at once. Yes, it's sixteen, if not seventeen . . . it'll be seventeen by the time Jerome takes over because the member who said her luggage wasn't ready is coming down on him again. She's saying that her luggage . . ."

E. M. D.



William Seely

"It's six o'clock, you chaps, and your time's your own—so you'd better wade into your blancoing and brasses."

Letters to a Conscript Father

MY DEAR FATHER,—I feel myself to blame for the tone of your long letter received this morning. What I mean is that if I had had the sense to tell you all about Fatigues in one of my earlier letters you would have been given time to brace yourself, so to speak, and it wouldn't have shaken you half as much.

I can see that I shall have to talk to you like a father. That's a bit ambiguous, but you'll understand what I mean. After all, as far as Service life is concerned, Bairstow and I do feel rather *in loco parentis* (or whatever the plural is) to you, and we want to help you to stand on your own feet.

The first thing is to understand that it's no good being bitter—about fatigues or anything else. I quite realize how you felt when the corporal made you empty all the coal-scuttles in case there were any spent matches at the bottom, especially as it made you miss your last train for home; but it really wasn't worth three pages about corporals in charge of fatigue parties. You get that sort of thing at every station. Almost the same thing happened to Bairstow when he was Staff Mess orderly the other night. He was choked off by a Flight-Sergeant because all the top pieces of coal were covered with tobacco-ash, so he spread the whole scuttleful out on the hearth, polished it all with a duster and put it back neatly. It took him over half an hour, and of course nobody could say a word to him.

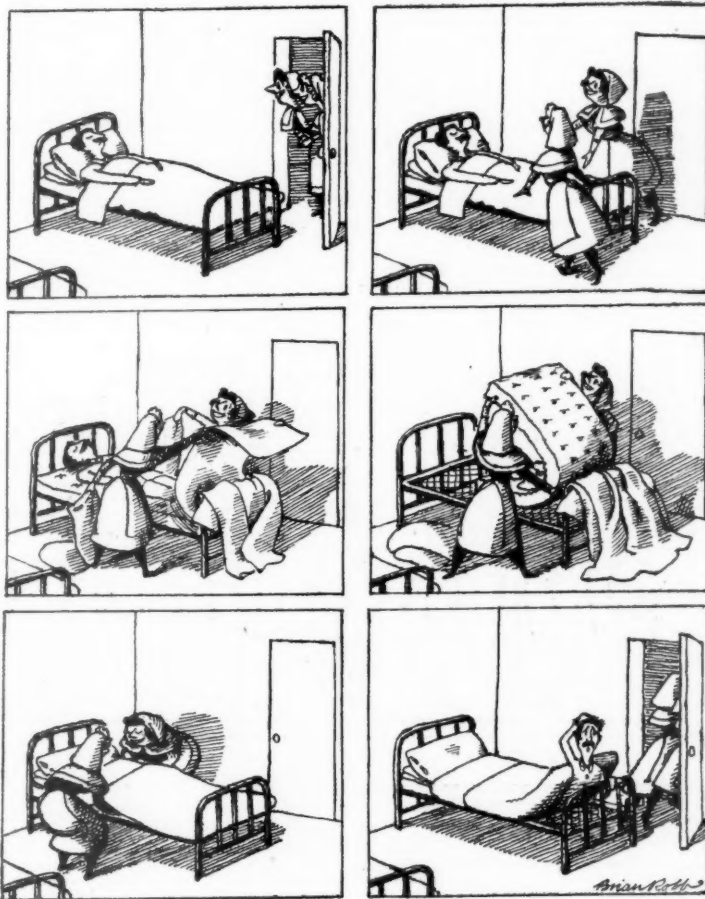
That's by far the best attitude to take, especially if you have big innocent blue eyes and a sort of anxious-to-please expression like Bairstow. (He isn't here at the moment, as you may gather. He's been out all evening looking for the Duty N.C.O. so that he can go dental sick with a gumboil to-morrow morning. He came back to tell me that he had found the Duty Squadron N.C.O. and the Squadron Duty N.C.O.—all three are quite different, you see—and now he's gone to continue the search. His face is swollen up most grotesquely.)

Well, as I say—don't be bitter. Actually, though it may not be very much comfort to you, I must say that from your letter your fatigues don't seem half bad. Passage-scrubbing and

lamp-shade-dusting and wall-washing are a cinch really, and in any case it's nothing like it used to be in the days before grate-blackening and metal-polish got scarce. And after all you are in civvy billets, so you only have one or two piffing little H.Q. offices to do—not like keeping a whole camp clean, as we have to here. Oh, I know you have to do the washing-up and the billet potato-peeling, but just imagine what it's like to go down on your hands and knees and collect all the cigarette-ends and match-sticks from where the N.A.A.F.I. van has been standing, and then have to carry them about for days in your pocket because all the dust-bin salvage-labels say "Paper Only," "Nothing but Tins and Bottles," and "Ordinary Rubbish Forbidden"—that's what we have to do here. Bairstow did find an unlabelled

bin at the back of the cook-house, and we used to put whole pocketfuls of fag-ends and matches in there. We found out later that it was meal-leavings for pigs, and Bairstow chalked a notice on it, "Pigs Only," in case anybody else should make the same mistake.

Yes, I also used to think that fatigues were only used for punishment, not realizing that they were just part of the war-effort the same as fire-pickets and colour-hoisting parades. A lot of people think that, and don't understand that they'll get fatigues whether they're good boys or not. At Bairstow's last station they tried to correct this impression by talking about "Out Training." He was marched off with a squad of about thirty to Headquarters Building as an "Out Training" party, and as soon as they



The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

got there they were told to straighten all the curtains in the building and then sweep all the passages and court-yards. Bairstow was on the court-yards and had to unstop three stopped-up drains so that he could sweep the dust into them.

He said the main trouble was that some of the brooms hadn't got heads on them, and those that had got heads hadn't any hair. But then that's the usual thing, as I expect you found. Usually you might just as well try to sweep up with a half-brick. The last broom I had was just a long pole with a T-piece on the end full of little holes. I got so cross that I devoted two hours to seeing N.C.O. after N.C.O. until I'd got enough chits signed to get a new one from the stores. They have a tremendous stock of brooms there, because it's not often anybody has the time to get enough chits to draw one. Naturally, I hadn't much time left for the actual sweeping after that, and when I *had* done the whole length of my allotted passage I was horrified to see there was a carpet of new yellow bristles all the way behind me as thick as pine-needles. I had to get somebody with an old bald broom to scrape them out of the way.

One thing, now fires (and greatcoats) are forbidden, the warmer weather having become official in spite of the cold winds and the fact that we now rise at 0345 hours by the sun, you won't be worried to death by the fuel problem as we have been this winter.

Fatigue-parties have about forty fires to light every morning in our Headquarters building alone, and

although there was always plenty of coal there was never any paper or wood. You'd go up there about half-past eight and see men in shirt-sleeves running about wild-eyed looking for

ANOTHER

National Waste Paper Contest, on the same lines as the successfully record-breaking one held in January, began on May 1st and closes on July 31st. There are several differences in the conditions. This time boroughs are competing only with boroughs, urban councils with urban councils, and rural councils with rural councils. The total prize-money to be won is £10,000, £2,500 of it in Scotland. The winners will be those local authorities that collect the heaviest weight of waste paper per thousand of the population; and the disposal of the prizes this time is left to the entire discretion of the local authorities concerned. But it is likely that you will still be helping your local charities, as well as the war effort, by SAVING ALL WASTE PAPER

any scrap of wood or paper. Nobody could ever tell them where to get any. There just wasn't any. And yet, every morning for six months, all those fires were lighted. It just shows what can

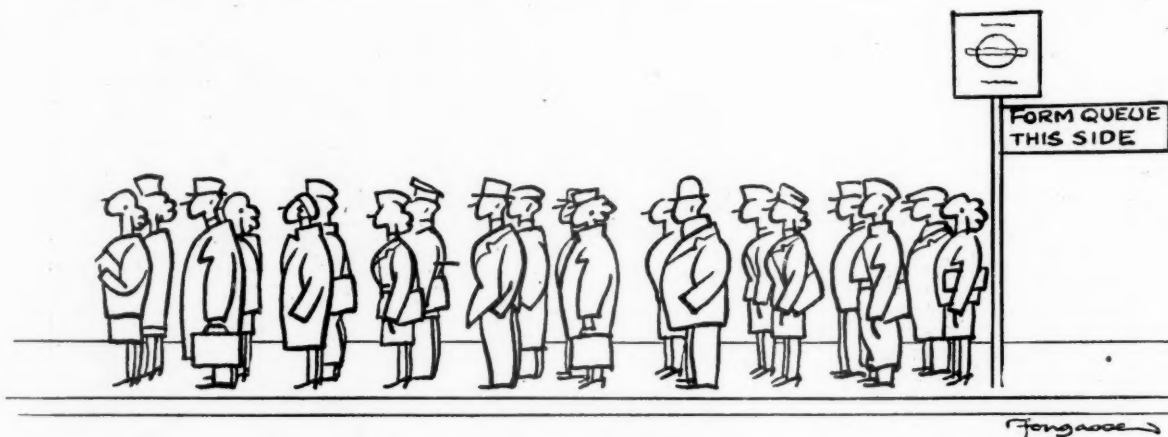
be done. Of course, all the previous day's newspapers had gone for salvage, and the only really workable idea I heard of was to ambush the newsboy as soon as he got inside the main gate and buy everything he'd got. It was expensive, but worked out on a subscription basis amongst the fatigue-party it came cheaper than being put on a charge for not lighting the fires. That would have meant being put on fatigues.

Bairstow is back now. He hasn't got put on the sick report even now, because when he *did* speak to the Duty N.C.O. he was choked off for speaking with his mouth full and was threatened with a charge when he tried to explain that it was full of gumboll. So he gave it up, and, anyway, it's burst now and feels better. He was very braced-off about the Duty N.C.O. though, and I have given him your three pages about corporals to read. He says you are to be careful about dogs. He once had a C.O. whose Great Dane used to drink the fire-buckets and cause the fatigue-parties to go on charges regularly for not filling them until one of them caught him at it and sort of told him not to.

Hoping this has cheered you up a little,

Your loving Son, PETER.

P.S.—I always seem to think of something else. About wood. If you *should* have fuel trouble wherever you are next winter, a sectional building waiting to be erected is a very useful thing to have about. But it's best to get posted to some other station before Works and Buildings begin to assemble it.



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